

Halo 3 ODST: Elite

by Punchlinechar

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Summary: This is about a company of ODSTs dropping onto Actium and the emotional effects it has on them.

1. Chapter 1

*Disclaimer/Author's Note: Okay everyone before I start the story I would like to say a few things. #1: This is my first chapter ever, so go lightly but give me some constructive criticism. #2: If there is something else on fan fiction with the same title I did not know and I apologize if there is. I will not plagiarize. #3. Tell me if you want more of this story after the next chapter. Okay now that we are done going through that to the story. T Halo, ODST, War, Emotion, Drama

Chapter One: Keep it Brief

His name was Corporal Charles Masters. He had just finished cleaning his battle rifle when the orders came straight from O.N.I. Ever since training he had been obsessive about keeping his equipment clean. Something he would be far past by the time this mission was done. His commanding officer was Gunnery Sergeant Butch "Buck" Jenkins. As long as Masters had known the man he had not once shown the slightest bit of emotion. According to rumors Buck had been involved in some special operation earlier in the war. "Everyone briefing room now!" shouted Buck.

After everyone had a seat in the briefing room a man named Private Philip J. Thorton thought it was a good time to annoy his superior. "So what's wrong Gunny?" Buck replied, "If you would wait just a moment then you would know. Anyways our company has new orders. At exactly 0800 hours tomorrow we will be dropping onto the planet Actium. It's going to be a hot drop so be prepared to move as soon as we hit the ground." These orders unsettled Masters. They were going into the extreme depths of Covenant controlled space and dropping onto a planet covered with potentially millions of their brutes. It was suicidal to even have such a thought. "Excuse me sir!" shouted

Masters, "But do you know the exact location of the drop?" Buck replied, "I do but I cannot tell you until we are in orbit. So men, get some rest and be prepared. Dis-missed!" They all stood, saluted and marched out. Masters and his squad went to their bunks and slept. But Masters was kept up for hours with memories of his home, his family, and his girlfriend, his girlfriend most of all. He remembered the last time they had been together before he shipped out, the kisses, and the deep looks of love in both of their eyes. Remembering that pure bliss and happiness put him to sleep, shadowing the thoughts of the certain death that would come the next day.

2. Chapter 2

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CHAPTER 2

Masters woke before everyone else. He always had and some how it made him feel...alone. Inexplicably alone. All he could do was think. Not about one specific subject. Just think. Questioning almost everything that had led him to this moment. His actions, the circumstances, but almost every time he came to one conclusion. There was no point. This thinking was unhealthy. He knew that. But it was almost like scratching an itch. The habit had started after that incident in training. All that blood. "Hey Masters you alright?" asked Ramirez. "Yeah. Just doing some menatal preparation." "Ah, that's probably a good idea I mean-wait you're thinking about it again. About her." Masters just looked away. "Well after that accident... it's not your fault Charlie it was an honest mista-" "Yes it was. It was my mistake and my fault. Stop assuming you know who's wrong and right. You didn't even hear her last words, see her with all that blood on her face... that...blood..." Ramirez was shocked. He knew that she and Masters were best friends, but he never knew he had that much guilt on his mind. "Let's just forget about this, we should get to the armory. I just want to go to the range for an hour. We have time to kill anyways."

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Masters and Ramirez walked into the armory. They were expecting the guy that was always there, the staff sergeant. But instead it was a random lieutenant. "What's the craic- er what's going on?" he said, obviously trying to hide the fact that he was Irish. Masters replied "Uh..., divil the bit? Sorry that's the Irish term I know." "Can we see our rifles please?" asked Ramirez, obviously trying to put the awkward moment behind them. "Oh, right! Follow me." said the lieutenant in reply. They all walked over to a small panel in the wall, which slid out into a weapons rack. Masters and Ramirez picked up their arms and ammunition then walked into the range. Masters had a battle rifle where as Ramirez had an SMG. As Masters shot his weapon he began to remember his earlier missions. He heard explosions all around him and his comrades- no his friends dying and screaming on the ground. "Uh, Masters?" "Huh?" Masters realized he had been pulling the trigger with no rounds left. He reloaded and fired three more magazines. They cleaned their weapons and put them on the rack. They bid the lieutenant a farewell and strolled out of the armory. "Hey Masters what was up back there? You seemed a bit distracted." questioned "It was nothing, I'm fine." Masters replied "We better get to the mess hall for breakfast, everyone else will be there by now." he stated hoping to escape the subject. As they walked

into the mess hall he some people he hadn't seen in a long while. "Charlie is that you?" someone from behind him asked. "George... it's been a while." Masters replied. It had been a while since they had seen each other. But something was scratching at the back of Masters mind. He was probably going to see his old friends fall down before his eyes. He hated it.

After they had breakfast they were ordered to put their armor on. Masters was primarily green with grey pieces here and there, and his emblem was simply a white square. Ramirez' was blue with a bullet as his emblem. As they were strolling to their drop pods Ramirez asked Masters "So what city do you think they're going to drop us?" Masters replied "I don't know... probably an area with the least covenant." As they entered their pods Buck's face popped up in their visors. "Everyone be ready to hit the ground running. The covenant won't wait for you to get out and stretch." Masters face went pale. _But I didn't think there would be that many. _"And one more thing, we're dropping into the center of the occupying covenant forces. So good luck, you'll need it." And they dropped. He heard random radio chatter in the background. He was just praying. He knew he would see some old buddies from training because of the extra companies but it made it worse. It gave him something to lose, which he couldn't have said for a while. They all touched down. He jumped out of his pod and scrambled for cover. He was happy to die for this war. Just not yet.

TO BE CONTINUED...

A/N Okay everyone first of all sorry for taking this long to update, I've been busy lately. But give some healthy criticism and feedback. I need it so I can write better. I hope to have the next chapter in 2-4 days. And one more thing Masters is also called Charlie.

3. Chapter 3

A/N This stories' third chapter has been postponed due to lack of enthusiasm. However I am currently writing a new OC story of mine. I apologize once I'm back on a roll I'll post the third chapter.

End
file.